

202 WOMEN AND CHILDREN SHOT BY VILLA

Wholesale Slaughter of Families of the Carranzistas

SPY IS HUNG OVER BLAZE FACE DOWN

Cable Dispatch Reads Like History of the Spanish Inquisition

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

EL PASO, Jan. 3.—A Mexican refugee who reached here today says that Villa hanged a Carranza spy face down over a fire until he was burned to death, and that he executed 102 women and children who were followers of Carranza at Santa Rosalia, Chihuahua.

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

TOKYO, Jan. 3.—Col. Carpio, a representative of General Carranza, is now in Japan with the object of purchasing ammunition, rifles, artillery and steamships.

Wickersham Proposes Prohibition for Alaska

The Sentinel has received from Delegate Wickersham a copy of the bill he introduced in the House on December 19, "To prohibit the manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquors in the Territory of Alaska, and for other purposes."

The bill, if passed, would become effective January 1, 1918. It has been referred to the Committee on Territories.

Any one desiring to see the bill may do so by calling at the Sentinel Office.

Natives Have a Great New Year's Parade

The masked parade of the Sisters and Brothers on Front Street last Saturday evening was witnessed by almost every one in town.

Following the parade some exhibitions of Native dancing were given at the Sisters and Brothers hall, and were well attended, especially by the white people. The hall would not accommodate half of those who desired admittance.

Farewell to Miss Grant

One of the most delightful social events of the holidays was the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Grant last evening for their daughter, Miss Margaret, who will leave tomorrow for Tacoma to resume her school work.

Sweet music was furnished by a four piece orchestra, and every one seemed in just the right mood to enjoy dancing.

At twelve o'clock the guests were invited to the dining room where a delightful lunch was served.

Following the lunch there was another hour of dancing, and then the soft sweet strains of Home, Sweet Home.

G. A. Thayer went to Petersburg on the City of Seattle Tuesday.

ANOTHER BOAT FOR TRAFFIC ON THE STIKINE

Some good news for Wrangell is that Capt. Sid Barrington is having another boat built for traffic on the Stikine and Iskoot rivers. The new boat will be of the same power as the Hazel B. No. 2, but will be lighter, narrower and ten feet shorter.

Capt. Barrington's years of experience in operating steamers on the Yukon makes him especially competent to anticipate the requirements for navigation on the Stikine and Iskoot rivers. The boat which is now being constructed will have a big advantage over any boat that has ever gone up the Stikine river in that it can be operated earlier and later in the season than has heretofore been possible. It can also be operated in safety when the water is low.

It is highly probable that the building of this new boat has more significance than appears on the surface. The announcement is made that the new boat is primarily for operation on the Iskoot. There is a group of rich mining claims on the Iskoot, and the natural inference is that these claims are going to be opened up, and that Capt. Barrington has already had a guarantee of a sufficient tonnage to justify the building of a new boat. It is also rumored that Capt. Barrington is himself interested in some of these claims.

The opening up of the country along the Iskoot will mean more business for Wrangell.

A New Year Calamity

The New Year does not always bring happiness and good cheer. Sometimes there is a notice pasted on the front door of a business house which means that it has been closed by creditors. Wrangell suffered no such business calamity, as the local merchants discount their bills. However, there is general regret over the dissolution on the last day of the year of the Canadian club. This was the only real stag organization in South-eastern Alaska. And the hospitality of the Canadians was so genuine that Americans always felt welcome at the Canadian Club.

Recently there has been a general exodus of the members of the club. At a monthly business meeting held on Christmas eve it was found that only six active members remained, and as three of these were soon to leave Wrangell, it was decided that the club should give up its quarters on the first of the year and be dissolved.

The new year has made its advent. The Canadian club is no more, and its officers who did so much for the promotion of good fellowship have gone to new diggings. Harry Eastman, who was the president, and Wm. Ryan, who was the vice president, left this week for the Atlin district, where they will pan the yellow stuff during the coming season. Wm. Reade, the ship builder, who was the secretary, is now enjoying the bright lights in Seattle.

The Canadian club was deservedly popular and will be greatly missed in Wrangell.

Talmage Back on the Dan

After a pleasant vacation of three weeks Capt. Kenneth Talmage will be in charge of the Uncle Dan when she sails tonight for the West Coast. Mrs. Talmage will make the voyage with her husband.

Chas. Lynch, who has been in Seattle for the past three months, returned home Tuesday.

Pacific Steamship Co. Buys the Grace Dollar for Cannery Trade

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

SEATTLE, Jan. 3.—The Pacific Steamship company today purchased the freighter Grace Dollar for Alaska cannery and ore trade.

Doctor Gets Life Sentence

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—Dr. Eldridge D. Atwood was today sentenced to life imprisonment for killing Dr. Wilfred E. Harris, president of the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy.

Wealthy Jeweler Suicides

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

SEATTLE, Jan. 3.—Broken in health, William H. Fink, a pioneer jeweler of this city, committed suicide today by shooting himself. He was wealthy.

ALASKA'S BEST YEAR

Mineral Production in 1916 Over \$50,000,000

In 1916 Alaska mines made a mineral production valued at \$50,900,000. These are the advance figures issued by the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, and are based on estimates made by Alfred H. Brooks. The output of Alaska mines in 1915, which was greater than that of any previous year, had a value of \$32,850,000, and the increase in 1916 was there fore over 54 per cent. It was the product of the copper mines that so greatly swelled the mineral production of the year. This amounted to 120,850,000 pounds, valued at \$32,400,000. There was also, however, an increase in gold output, which in 1916 was \$17,050,000 and in 1915 was \$16,700,000. Of the gold produced in 1916, \$10,640,000 is to be credited to the placer mines. Alaska also produced in 1916 silver, lead, tin, antimony, tungsten, petroleum, marble, gypsum, and coal to the value of \$1,300,000. During 32 years of mining Alaska has produced \$351,000,000 in gold, silver, copper, and other minerals. Of this amount \$278,000,000 represents the value of the gold, and \$68,000,000 that of the copper.

MORE OF THAT ONE-HORSE TOWN DOPE

[Post-Intelligencer]

Wrangell, which has for years had the name of being the original one-horse town, now has a greater dignity, according to William G. Thomas, United States commissioner at Wrangell, who is at the Frye. The town already has two horses one does the community's dray work and the other, which is attached to the mill, in its spare time carries the residents their wood and coal.

So great is the prosperity of Wrangell that in the spring, Wrangell residents aver, there will be need of a motor truck.

"The merchants of Wrangell have always discounted their own bills," said Mr. Thomas Thursday. "None of them is in bad standing."

Mr. Thomas, whose duties include many of those performed by county officials in the states, came to Seattle a few weeks ago to spend the winter. The change was far from beneficial, however, as both he and Mrs. Thomas have just recovered from the gripe.

Although Wrangell has its own storage plant, it will never get the entire fish business of the locality, Mr. Thomas believes, as at Prince Rupert, B. C., the fishermen are enabled to unload their catch and have it put immediately into cars and started toward the market. The salmon catch of the vicinity this year was unusually good, according to Mr. Thomas.

MASQUERADE BY RED MEN BIG SUCCESS

Old Year Passes and New One Gets a Merry Start

LARGEST ATTENDED AFFAIR OF SEASON

Many Characters—Gay Dancers and Gorgeous Costumes

The new year surely had a great beginning in Wrangell.

The masquerade ball on the evening of Monday, January 1, 1917, was an event that will be talked about for months to come. It had been well advertised and everyone expected a great time, but when the actual event took place it far exceeded all expectations. To give an adequate description of the affair would require all the blank space in half a dozen newspapers, and would tax the descriptive powers of a writer familiar with every adjective in the English language.

Lively music was furnished by a four piece orchestra.

Some of the Characters.

Ed La Bounty, as Charlie Chaplin, was a splendid imitation of the million dollar fun maker.

A pretty costume was worn by Miss McMurry, who represented a fairy in pink.

Miss Rosalie DaSilva, as an Indian maiden, sustained the part unusually well.

W. H. Warren represented a scarecrow, and so well did he carry out the part that many supposed that the scarecrow was an inanimate form. This was a most difficult character to sustain, as it was necessary for the masker to stand motionless for more than two hours.

Louis Olsen, as Napoleon, looked as if he was dressed for court. It was an easy matter for the judges to decide upon Louis as the one entitled to the first prize for the most gorgeous costume.

One of the greatest surprises of the unmasking was when the identity of Mrs. George LaBounty was revealed. She was dressed as a little girl and no one thought of her as being anything but a child.

A beautiful costume was worn by Mrs. W. H. Warren, who represented a butterfly.

Dr. Emery looked like the original of the illustration used in advertising Omar cigarettes.

Probably the most conspicuous masker present was Harold Duggan, representing a cannibal of the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. W. J. Pigg was surely entitled to the first prize for the most gorgeous costume. In the role of the sultan's favorite she caused one to recall the story of Allie, the Eastern charmer who alone held her lord's affections after all the other pretty favorites had been discarded and silently beheaded.

The Indian Chief was a character well sustained by Louis Wigg. His costume was the real thing, and his exhibitions of dancing attracted much attention.

Miss Margaret Grant covered herself with glory as a Scotch

Infuriated Woman Horsewhips Man Who Had Slandered Her

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

WALLA WALLA, Jan. 3.—Mrs. Montgomery, wife of Dr. C. E. Montgomery, horse whipped County Treasurer Guy Allen Turner in the latter's office, claiming that he slandered her.

CZAR'S SISTER TO MARRY OUTSIDE OF ROYALTY

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—Czar Nicholas' sister, Grand Duchess Olga, whose divorced husband is Prince Peter of Oldenburg, will marry Plain Captain Drozdoff, according to a dispatch from Petrograd received by the Tribune.

Gerard Discusses Peace

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

BERLIN, Jan. 3.—United States Ambassador James W. Gerard and Bethman Hollwig discussed prospects of peace today.

Will Boost the Black Cod

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The Bureau of Fisheries has set about to boost the Alaska black cod.

lassie of the Highlands. Her exhibitions of the Highland Fling were loudly applauded.

The usual number of clowns were in evidence and of course did their stunts in a ludicrous manner.

Jason McKinney and Miss Lillian Barron, as a coon couple, went through performances that would have done credit to a vaudeville stage.

The bathrobe brigade had a warm time.

Jerry Neilson, as a girl, looked so feminine that his masculinity was not suspected.

The Wrangell Sentinel was ably represented by Oscar Wickstrom and Mrs. Dave Lewis. They each wore costumes made of Wrangell Sentinels of the New Year's edition. The Sentinel makes no charge for the extra advertising the local merchants received when their ads were being read on the costumes of these two maskers.

The disguise of Mrs. Fred Leonard, as the ragged woman, was so complete that one could almost imagine that she had been borrowed from a circus.

Miss Ostmo, in hunting costume, looked as romantic as the girl of the golden west who lived in the heart of a Swede and paid no rent.

Neil Grant and Miss Edna Lindman were a youthful pair of twin clowns, and were a circus within themselves. During the evening some one was heard to remark that Buster is a chip off the old block. It's just the other way. He is a block off the old chip.

Miss Mary Louise Bihler, Miss Loretta McDonald and Mrs. J. G. Grant were three little school girls with their hair dangling down their backs. School books under their arms helped to make the representation complete.

There were 76 persons masked, and therefore space will not permit us to mention them all, but all were good. There was scarcely a masked person in the hall whose costume did not deserve special mention.

During the evening the mayor made a few remarks which brought forth a vociferous applause. He merely announced that the school board had decided to make the next day a holiday.

At 11 o'clock the prizes were awarded. Each masker had a number pinned on his back, and the prizes were awarded by number. The judges were Mrs. R. L. Cole of Klawock, Harry Gartley and C.

ATTEMPT TO ISOLATE THE BRITISH ISLES

New Type German Submarines Plant Mines On English Coast

GERMANS TORPEDO FRENCH BATTLESHIP

King of the Hejaz Recognized by England Italy and France

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—It is asserted by passengers who arrived today on the liner Niv Amsterdam that the coast of the British Isles have been mined and that submarines especially built and equipped are being used by Germany in planting mines. It is believed that Germany is making a powerful attempt to completely isolate England.

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

BERLIN, Jan. 3.—The French battleship Verite has been torpedoed by a German submarine and is now lying disabled at Malta.

Special Cablegram to The Sentinel.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—The British, French, and Italian governments have recognized the Grand Sherif of Mecca, who raised a revolt against the sultan, to be known as King of The Hejaz.

M. Coulter. Prizes were awarded as follows:

List of Prizes.

Most gorgeous costume—Ladies first prize, china vase, Mrs. W. J. Pigg; ladies second prize, china vase, Mrs. T. J. Case; men's first prize, shaving set, Louis Olson as Napoleon Bonaparte; men's second prize, flashlight, Dr. C. A. Emery as Omar.

Best sustained character—Ladies' first prize, ivory clock, Miss Margaret Grant, as a Scotch lassie of the Highlands; ladies' second prize, writing set, Mrs. F. B. Leonard as a ragged woman; men's first prize, military brushes, W. H. Warren as a scarecrow; men's second prize, bill book, Louis Wigg as Indian Chief.

Most comical character—Ladies' first prize, shirtwaist, Mrs. Jack Walsh, representing the old woman who lived in a shoe; ladies' second prize a box of handkerchiefs, Miss Lillian Barron as a coon girl; men's first prize, shirt, Ed La Bounty as Charlie Chaplin; men's second prize, suspenders and garters, Charles Roos.

After the prizes had been awarded there was a general unmasking, after which dancing was participated in by all, the gay whirl being kept up until 2 A. M.

The committee having the affair in charge was composed of Louis Olsen, J. G. Grant and H. D. Campbell.

It was surely a pleasant event. Those who were absent will never know what they missed. It was one of those affairs which made you glad you were living, and left you with one of those rich, well satisfied feelings, which, in this instance, was coupled with a hearty appreciation for what the Stikine Tribe of Indians had done to make you have the happiest of Happy New Years.

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

J. W. PRITCHETT, Publisher

\$2.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE
Foreign Countries 50c Extra

Entered as second-class matter at the
Wrangell, Alaska, post office, under
Act of Congress of March 3, 1878.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1917

ALASKA GOING DRY

Old Timer, have you heard the news? Alaska's going to cut out booze and henceforth will that frozen clime subsist on pop and seltzered lime, and miners from the frozen hills in buttermilk will bathe their gills and Klondike Pete and Rough-House Liz will quench their thirst in kickless fizz and mushers chilled on Arctic trips will drink beef tea and smack their lips.

The roadhouse will no longer cheer the train-worn soul with hootch or beer; the mining camp will silent be, except for miners drinking tea. No more they'll seek D. Rum of nights and get lit up like Northern Lights, since none may buy or steal or mooch one tiny little shot of hootch. And Yukon Ike, the good old soul, will have to shinny up the pole, and soon we'll see Hell-Roarin' Pete, upon the water wagon's seat.

The sordough when he wants a drink will amble to the Yukon's brink, and quaff a horn of H2O, a harmless drink as well you know; then go his way in search of gold and sing an ode to cold water, and when he makes a stake he'll go to camp and buy a drink or so, of orangeade, near beer or lime, and swear he had a ripping time.

Not like the days of old, not much; John Barleycorn is now in Dutch, from Sitka to the Arctic shore, and Forty-Rod will cheer no more, the hardy Argonaut for he, has climbed the pole like you and me.—Anacortes (Wn.) American.

The high cost of living is becoming more altitudinous.

It was Sherman who declared that war is hell. He was mistaken. It is worse than hell.

Arizona is dry atmospherically and constitutionally.

The Swiss cheese from Wisconsin has the real Alpine height price, if it does miss the flavor.

When there is gasoline in the tank, and alcohol in the chauffeur, the undertaker has a cinch.

The movement to increase the number of fish hatcheries should be encouraged. This is about the only food in reason of a poor man's reach.

LITERARY HOBBIES.

Even Railway Time Tables May Make Interesting Reading.

Rudyard Kipling finds both pleasure and profit in reading the dictionary, and this habit largely accounts for his wonderful knowledge of words, his rich vocabulary and his newness in the use of words. He does not confine himself to the ordinary dictionary. He likes to look at a slang edition or a dictionary of a dialect.

There is a certain noble lord who loves nothing better than turning over the pages of Bradshaw, spying out all the ways to anywhere, all the branch lines and noting the railway stations with queer names. He is an adept in all railway lore and is often referred to by his brother peers when a moot point is raised about the iron roads of the world, for his knowledge extends from Charing Cross to New York via Yokohama.

But probably the queerest literary hobby was a certain doctor's predilection for reading an old file of the London Times. He said it made him better contented with things at present to see how things were muddled up twenty years ago. He found politicians just as quarrelsome and the comments just as caustic, and yet he concluded:

"Here we are, much as usual"—London Answers.

Good Resolutions

I will try to be a lifter, not a leaner; an encourager, never a discourager; lighten and share other people's sorrows; start songs and rejoicings, not complainings; make the world a little sweeter place to live in; keep in mind the will of God; make sunshine in life's shady places; see the bright side of everything; be clean in mind and body, working patiently, industriously and honestly for a living; earning a spotless character, so that I can look up, not down, and meet death's coming with a fearless smile; endeavor not to run away from my weaknesses, but bravely fight them out; be glad of life; have hope and faith in everybody; try to live without hate, jealousy, temper and envy; avoid speaking critically and bitterly, repeating only the good I hear; love because I must, give because I cannot keep; doing for the joy of it; cheerful in disappointments, charitable toward the erring and fallen; protect helpless animals; do as I would be done by; smile more and frown less.

CHAIN CO-OPERATIVE STORES FOR ALASKA

Plans are in the making for an immense cooperative department store and supply house in Alaska. The headquarters will be at Juneau, with branches at Ketchikan, Wrangell and Anchorage. It is the plan of the promoters to have each establishment a modern supply house for miners, fishermen and boatmen, while the retail department will carry everything needed by the general public.

Probably no city in the United States today offers so many mercantile advantages as either Juneau or Ketchikan, while Fairbanks, located in the interior and soon to be the terminus of the Government railroad, offers a rare opportunity for a new dry goods store, general merchandise store, machine and blacksmith's shop, combined hardware and ship chandlery.—Railway and Marine News.

NEW STEAM TUG FOR TOWING SAW LOGS

[Railway and Marine News]
The steam tug Inverness, which was built at the Seaborn Yards at Winslow, for the McDonald-Weist Lumber Company of Ketchikan, has been fitting out at Pier 1, Seattle, and will soon leave for the North.

The Inverness is 65 ft. long, 14.8 ft. beam and has a depth of 7.10 ft. She is equipped with a 250 H. P. compound engine. The Inverness will be used in the towing of logs in Southeastern Alaska.

Wrangell Citizen Gets A Patent

Patrick Smith of Wrangell has received a patent on an adjustable barrel lid which he invented more than a year ago. In order that the reader may understand just exactly how the invention works we give the following description:

The combination with a barrel, of a pair of inclined loops, mounted on opposite sides of the upper end of the barrel, an L-shaped arm disposed vertically through each of loops and slidable therethrough, a horizontally disposed arcuate member formed integrally on the upper ends of the arms and secured on the cover of the barrel, the ends of the horizontal portions of the arms being directed inwardly toward each other and in front of the barrel, a handle bar extending between and secured to the inwardly directed portions, said handle bar being arranged to bear against the front of the barrel to hold the cover in any desired height above the top of the barrel.

The egg king's crown is but a yolk.

China's Altar of Heaven.
There is no altar on earth which vies in marble majesty with the Altar of Heaven—Tien Tan—in the south of the Chinese city of Peking, which Emperor Yung Lo of the Ming dynasty reared in A. D. 1420, with its triple balustrades, stairs and platforms of pure white marble carved miraculously. Its great circle covering a wide area in the midst of a vast inclosure. Standing alone, deserted under the blue Chinese sky, it is a dream of majesty and beauty. As the great setting of a scene of ritual pomp that calls for thousands and thousands of robed celebrants with music, incense, sacrifice, it is transcendently imposing and impressing. There the emperor knelt once a year and worshiped "the only being in the universe he could look up to"—Shang Ti—the emperor of the world above, whose court was in the sky and the spear tips of whose soldiers were the stars.

Clever Hindu Jugglers.
It is admitted that the Hindu jugglers and acrobats are the most skillful in the world. One of the latest reports is about a performer who went through many wonderful feats perched on the top of a single bamboo stick about fifteen feet in height. The top of the stick was tied to a girde around the waist, and a leg rest was provided by a cushion a few feet down the pole. Perched on this slender stick, he hopped and danced round in the liveliest way, accompanied by the tapping of a drum. He did other things even more wonderful. For example, he balanced a light stick on his nose and a heavy one on his chin and then threw the heavy one into the air with his head and caught it on the end of the light one. While balancing the two sticks thus end on end he made one revolve in one direction and the other in another direction.

Hollanders and Herrings.
Holland can claim the honor of having first established herring fisheries and taught its people the very great nutritious value of this fish. A Dutchman, Wilhelm Benkelszoon, discovered the secret of preserving herrings in the fourteenth century, and the salted herring made its appearance on the market in precisely the same manner as it now does, for the preserving process has undergone no marked change. Your Dutch fisherman is an expert at his job and can manage as many as 1,200 fish in an hour, working at top speed. He ties a short knife to the third and fourth fingers of his right hand by a string, which is attached to the handle of the knife. He thrusts it through the gill cavities and, with a sharp cut, brings away the gills, heart, gullet and pectoral fins of the unfortunate herring.

"Pray Before Being Married."
Here is a Russian proverb that might be made good use of. It certainly would dispel a multitude of sorrows, especially the last one, which would prevent many hasty marriages and relieve the courts of many divorce cases. It takes matrimony out of the pale of whims and makes a divine consideration of it. The proverb runs this way:

"If you go to war, pray; if you go on a sea journey, pray twice, but pray three times if you are going to be married."

Good advice, all of it. There is too much that is hysterical in the matrimonial venture, and a little praying will tend to relieve the mind.—Ohio State Journal.

Plenty of Time For Action.
The police magistrates so often admonish women complainants to come back and report any further wrongdoing on the part of husbands who have been released that these judges fall into the habit of repeating the admonition on every occasion in which a man and wife are concerned.

The other day a woman told one of the magistrates that her husband had threatened to kill her.

"Very well, madam," said the magistrate mechanically. "Very well; if he does, you come back and tell me, and I will punish him." — Case and Comment.

Orang Utan.
The large anthropoids of Borneo and Sumatra are usually called orang outangs. This form, it seems, is not correct. Orang signifies man and outang, of utang, debt, something owing, so that orang outang would simply mean a man in debt. The correct Malay name is orang utan, or outan. This signifies the forest man in distinction to orang dusum, or village (civilized) man.

Key and Dragon.
A big key, the symbol of St. Peter, on the cupola of the church of St. Peter-Upon-Cornhill, in London, is the largest weathercock in the city. The dragon on Bow church, in Cheapside, is next in size, being only a few inches shorter.

Without Offending.
Two things you can say to almost any man without offending him. One is, "You are working too hard." The other is, "You ought to get more pay." — Boston Globe.

According to Their Clothes.
"Girls will be girls."
"That's all right. But some of the older women seem to be trying to edge into the girl class." — Kansas City Journal.

Bacon and Garlic.
In Wales the hedge gillie, or, as it is more commonly called, "Jack by the hedge," is often fried with bacon.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness its poison. — Stanislaus.

An Edison Diamond Disc

Nothing More Entertaining
Nothing More Beautiful for the Parlor

New Arrivals in Queen Quality Shoes

St. Michaels Trading Co.

P. C. McCORMACK, Proprietor
General Merchandise

Independent Steamship Company Being Formed

Railway and Marine News

A new and independent steamship company is being formed with head office at Prince Rupert, B. C., for operation in Southeastern Alaska. The company, by keeping within the American coastwise laws and complying with the U. S. Customs requirements, can easily keep within the law and at the same time operate under a foreign flag, which exempts it immediately from interference by the new Shipping Board, regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, or any of the clauses of the Seamen's Act. It can raise or lower rates, it will, make contracts for the canneries, grant concessions, and generally operate its business as it sees fit, without fear of any regulation whatsoever.

Referring again to the new steamship company, that is being organized, it plans to operate as an independent company but will receive freight from and deliver to the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. It is understood that 4,000,000 cases of salmon have already been contracted for and one steamship has been arranged for the commencement of operations.

Railway & Marine News has previously shown how Seattle could protect its halibut industry—not by memorials to Congress to get silly legislation passed for the benefit of one or two operators in Ketchikan—but to start the fight right here at home by forcing the waterfront wholesaler to pay 15 cents for halibut, and as this has been accomplished through the exclusive agency of Railway and Marine News, it is thought that this paper's suggestion on the new situation might also be followed.

Eliminate the work of all Boards of Trades, Chambers of Commerce or Commercial Clubs, as changing the laws will not accomplish anything. On the other hand, start a campaign in Juneau, Ketchikan and Seattle, first to get the various business men properly lined up and shown the error of their ways, and then assist the railroads and steamships, jointly, in their efforts to so adjust their rates that they can handle this business with dispatch. Unless this is done Seattle is surely going to lose some of its canned salmon, which is going to follow the trail of the halibut.

Turner's Salad Suggestion.
At a dinner a salad was offered to Turner, the great artist, which caused him to call the attention of his neighbor at the table—Jones Lloyd, afterward Lord Overstone—to it. "Nice cool green lettuce, isn't it?" he said. "And the beetroot, pretty red, not quite strong enough, and the mixture, delicate tint of yellow that. Add some mustard and then you have one of my pictures."

DIRECTORY

TOWN OFFICIALS.

Mayor I. G. Grant
Clerk John Siedman
Treasurer Chas. Benjamin

U. S. OFFICIALS.

Commissioner Wm. G. Thomas
Deputy Marshal H. Wallace
Col. Customs F. E. Bronson
Asst. Fish & Game W'd'n F. H. Gray
Postmaster J. E. Worden

For professional and tradespeople see advertising columns.

Wrangell Lodge No. 866 Loyal Order of Moose

Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M. in Redmen's Hall.
Visiting Paps welcome.
H. JAKOBITZ, Dictator.
N. NUSSBAUMER, Secretary.

Stikine Tribe No. 5 Impd. Order of Redmen

Meets every Tuesday evening in the Redmen's hall at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

C. M. COULTER, Sachem.
L. M. CHURCHILL, C. of R.

Arctic Brotherhood Camp Wrangell, No. 28

Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M. s harp, at Red Men's Lodge Rooms.
Visiting Brothers Cordially Invited
John E. Worden, Arctic Chief.
W. H. WARREN, Arctic Recorder

Presbyterian Church

Sabbath Services,
10:30 A. M. Native Service, interpreted.
9:30 A. M. Sabbath School.
3:30 P. M. Native Service, interpreted.
7:30 o'clock P. M. Service entirely in the English language.
Midweek Services,
Wednesday Eve, 7:30 P. M. interpreted service.
Friday Evening, 7:30 P. M. Bible Study, and song and prayer.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The Articles of Incorporation of the Alaskan Co-Operative Fishing & Packing Association are to be cancelled in order that the corporation may go out of business on Dec. 31, 1916. All accounts due said corporation are payable to E. F. Carlstrom, who is acting as agent for the undersigned, and is authorized to receipt therefor. All claims against said corporation should be presented to said E. F. Carlstrom.

Wrangell, Alaska, Nov. 28, 1916.
A. JAKOBITZ,
Secretary.

Alaska FOR Alaskans

Should be the motto of every Alaskan and one of the best ways to make it such is to use and boost Alaskan products. That is way good Alaskans everywhere are boosting and drinking

JUNEAU BEER

For sale at all first-class bars
EAGLE BREWING CO. JUNEAU

JOHN FANNING Taxidermist

TANNER

Will buy seal skins with head and flippers on.
Orders may be left with Alex Verret.

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.

DENTISTRY PRACTICED
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
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Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
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Wrangell

Alaska

The Answer to His Question

Why the Widow Plimpton Didn't Give It Sooner.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Gilbert Butler whistled softly as he strode along the road that bright May morning. When the white gate of the Plimpton farm gleamed in the distance he paused for a brief instant, and the whistle died away into silence.

"She loves me. I know she does. It's nothing but sheer contrariness to keep me dangling along. I swear I'll settle this matter today or"— Gilbert paused and swallowed hard. Then his big brown clinched fist fell to his side, and he resumed his walk.

The Widow Plimpton sat on the step of the side porch making flower wreaths—heaps of yellow eyed daisies, dark green ivy and box, an armful of purple lilies, a mass of syringa blooms and a few very early roses which the hot month had forced into flower.

"Good morning," said Gilbert Butler from the stone wall.

Widow Plimpton raised a sweet face to his, a face framed in dusky hair, with cheeks like pink roses and golden brown eyes. "Good morning, Gilbert," she said gravely.

"Going to the cemetery, I see," said Butler disagreeably.

"Of course. It is Memorial day."

"You go there every Sunday too," said Gilbert quickly.

Anna Plimpton crimsoned indignantly. "Why shouldn't I?" she asked haughtily.

"It's a heathenish custom. Ain't it enough that George Plimpton should have got killed down there and then to be brought home and buried with military honors, and just because you're his widder?"

"Because I am his widow I shall continue to express my love and respect for his memory by visiting his grave as often as I please. You must be very small minded, Gilbert Butler, to grudge a few flowers to a dead soldier."

Gilbert reddened to his ears, and his blue eyes flashed ominously. "I don't grudge the flowers, Anna," he said with slow deliberation, "but it seems to me if you could spare a little kindness to some folks that are alive, meaning myself, it would make more real happiness. George, he's been dead nine years, and I been coming to see you for five of 'em."

Widow Plimpton rose to her feet and daintily shook the broken leaves and stems from her white gown. Then she slipped four wreaths over her arm and descended the steps.

"I'm going up to the graveyard now, Gilbert. Will you go with me?" she asked gently.

"I can't," he said almost roughly. "You're not treating me fairly, Anna. If I were dead up there in the graveyard you'd come and put flowers on my mound, but just because I'm alive you grudge me one bit of happiness. You have never given me an answer to that question I asked you."

Anna Plimpton bit her red lip reflectively. "If you will go home and think the matter over quietly perhaps you may discover why your question may not have been answered."

She went out of the gate and disappeared up the white path that led to the cemetery on the hill.

Gilbert stared after her with fascinated eyes until she disappeared among the clustering cedars; then he took her advice and went home.

All that day he wrestled with the problem. What reason could there be for Anna's withholding that long delayed and coveted "Yes?" Was he not industrious, of good habits, possessed of comfortable means and not ill looking? And there wasn't another living man whom Anna had favored with her smiles, and yet—

"By thunder!" he exclaimed at last. "It must be because I'm so all fired mean spirited as to be jealous of a dead man. She's seen it right along and despised me for it."

He sat there an hour and thought deeply. At last he went into the house and opened the door of the sitting room.

In the square bow window luxuriating in the waning sunlight were Aunt Heppy's calla lilies. Twelve stately plants they were, and each one bore two snowy blossoms, twenty-four in all. Aunt Heppy had nursed them tenderly all winter, and now—they were rewarding her care.

Deliberately he drew out his knife and cut the lilies from the plants. As he turned away with his arms full of the long stemmed beauties the door opened and Aunt

Heppy's horrified eyes fastened upon him.

"Gilbert Baker, are you crazy?" she shrieked.

"I guess I am," said Gilbert dryly as he reached into his pocket and drew forth a five dollar bill. "I've got to have these, Aunt Heppy. You take this money—the sewing society's seen the lilies anyway—you won't miss 'em."

He was gone, and Aunt Heppy sank into a chair and looked dazedly from the five dollar bill over to the denuded plants in the window.

"For the land's sake! The boy's crazy!" she ejaculated at last, tucking the money away in her pocket.

Just as the red sun dipped behind the high cemetery hill Gilbert Baker toiled wearily up the white path. In his arms he held a rude wooden cross, to which he had clumsily tied the calla lilies. Some of the snowy bloom was marred by his awkward fingers, but his patient labor had not been in vain, for at a little distance the white cross shone a lovely symbol.

The cemetery was deserted. Over in the Plimpton plot he saw a glimpse of purple flowers and slowly made his way into the space inclosed in a hedge of arbor vitae.

On the low grassy mound were laid Anna's offerings—wreaths of daisies and box, syringa and ivy, purple lilies and evergreen. A little flag was stuck in an iron stand at the head of the young soldier's grave.

Gilbert solemnly laid his cross on the other emblems.

When he straightened up his startled eyes looked straight into the soft brown ones of Anna Plimpton.

"I—I didn't know you were here. I thought everybody was gone," he said awkwardly, fingering his hat.

"I came back to look at it again," she said softly. "What a beautiful cross! Did you make it, Gilbert?"

He nodded curtly. "I took your advice, Anna, and thought things over, and I guess the reason you won't give me an answer is because I'm such a low down, jealous minded fool. I didn't feel quite so mean after that, and I wanted to show him"— He gestured toward the grave.

Anna came and stood beside him. "I have been sorry you felt that way about him," she said in a quaver little voice, "but that is not the reason why I have never answered your question, Gilbert."

"What is the reason, then?" he demanded.

"Because—because you have never asked me any question that I could answer, Gilbert," she half sobbed. "You have beaten around and around the bush and"— She hid her face against his rough coat sleeves.

"Why—why, it's all right now, then, ain't it?" he asked as his arm encircled her waist.

"Yes."

"I hope he don't mind," said Gilbert after a little while.

"I'm sure he doesn't," replied Anna sweetly as they passed out of the little gate.

And even then Gilbert Butler did not realize that he had not asked the proper question.

Card Playing Queens.

Queen Elizabeth was fond of cards, but inclined to be peevish and lose her temper in the game. Mary, queen of Scots, carried her infatuation to the extent of wagering her personal attire on the game. She would play continuously from Saturday to Monday and sacrifice her wardrobe if necessary to do so. Queen Anne of Austria had persistent ill luck, we are told, but "she played like a queen, without passion or greed." Anne Boleyn was an inveterate gambler, as were all the wives of Henry VIII., with one exception. Catherine of Aragon did not gamble. She had no love for the card table.

The Word Goodby.

In the changes that have come in our language we have sometimes crowded a whole sentence into a single word. Our word for farewell is one of these. In Shakespeare's time one said to his friends at parting, "God be wi' ye." From that time we have clipped it more and more till now it has come to be simply "goodby." But it is surely pleasant to remember when we bid our friends goodby that we are saying to them in good old Saxon phrase, "God be with you."

A Taste of Bregue.

An Englishman met a man at a French table d'hôte, who addressed him in French. His accent betrayed him, and, rather rudely, the Briton said, "Ah, you are English."

"The devil a doubt of it, darlin'!" replied the stranger.

"An Irishman, too; still better," went on the other.

"Well, thin, isn't it strange," said the man, "my French always shows me to be English and my English to be Irish?"

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A large stock of building lumber always on hand

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General Merchandise

Trappers' and Fishermen's Supplies

Complete Stock of Trollers' Supplies

Waterproof Clothing

Including Oiled Coats, Pants, Hats and Aprons—all the best brands of Rubber Boots—Ribano, Gold Seal, Ball Brand, Walrus and Bulls Eye.

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Launch Fittings, Batteries, Coils, Spark Plugs, Slipmate Stoves, Gasoline, Naptha and Oils.

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Groceries and Provisions Clothing and Hardware

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Under New Management

WRANGELL DAIRY

GLENN DIEMART, Proprietor

Fresh Milk and Cream

Delivered Every Morning

Every Precaution to Insure Absolute Cleanliness
New Equipment Being Installed

Local and Personal.

V. Johnson of Karheen was an arrival on the Uncle Dan.

Ham Larsen returned to Petersburg on the City of Seattle Tuesday.

A. Hofstad returned to Petersburg on the City of Seattle Tuesday.

For quick, reliable service—Grigwire's barber shop in the Ulher block.

The monthly social of the Arctic Brotherhood will be held in the Redmen's hall next Wednesday evening.

M. L. Burke, and his sister, Miss Clara Burke, were in town from Lake Bay the first of the week, and attended the masquerade ball.

When you think of smoking material think of Patenaude's.

Mrs. William Lewis has again opened up a bakery in one of the Lewis buildings on Front Street which was vacated recently by the Eagle restaurant.

Try the new barber shop in the Ulher block.

Mrs. Wm. Hood and daughter, Miss Belle Hood, who spent the holidays in Wrangell as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Leonard, returned on the City of Seattle to their home in Juneau.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Cole of Klawock arrived in Wrangell on the Uncle Dan last Thursday. Mr. Cole left for home the next day. Mrs. Cole took passage on the City of Seattle for Juneau where she will visit for a fortnight.

For the shave of satisfaction go to Ed Grigwire's shop in the Ulher block.

Miss Margaret Grant, who has spent the holidays in Wrangell, leaves tomorrow for Tacoma where she will resume her studies in the Annie Wright Seminary. She will be accompanied south by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Grant.

Anything in the smoking line at Patenaude's.

Bigger Wrangell — Better Business

We extend to our many old friends as well as to the many new ones added the past year, our most sincere appreciation for the splendid, loyal support you have given us and which has made the year 1916 a success.

Our relations are mutual in their desired attainment. You or ourselves have not yet reached our maximum. So let us pull together, co-operate, consult and confide in one another, and build not only

our own business to a still higher standard, but use our efforts in assisting others in our community. You are depending upon others. They are depending upon you. So boost with a united purpose.

We trust that 1916 has treated you abundantly well and that 1917 will be still better.

We extend to you our most sincere wishes for a prosperous new year.

Wrangell Drug Company

Redmen Install

At the meeting of the Redmen Tuesday night the following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

Sachem - Oscar Carlson.
Senior Sagamore - Wm. E. Lloyd
Junior Sagamore - H. L. Rheinhardt.

Prophet - C. M. Coulter.
Chief of Records - L. M. Churchhill.

Keeper of Wampum - J. E. Worden.

Collector of Wampum - P. C. McCormack.

The installing officer was Past Sachem Chas. Benjamin.

Hop at Wrangell Hotel.

Among the pleasant events of the holiday week was the dance given at the Wrangell Hotel on Thursday evening.

CHEMISTRY OF A MAN.

Analysis of the Substances in a Normal Human Body.

A German investigator has recently calculated that 100 dozen eggs would hold all the chemical elements which would go to make up a man weighing 150 pounds. This does not mean that if you made an enormous omelet of these 1,200 eggs a man would be produced. It does mean that the elements in the eggs would be equal to the elements in this man.

If a person were to eat nothing except eggs he would get just the chemicals needed for supporting life, but the human system would not digest an exclusive diet like this, and the person trying to live on eggs alone would soon sicken, and if the diet were not changed would die.

If an average man weighing 150 pounds were reduced to a fluid he would yield 3,630 cubic feet of illuminating gas and hydrogen, or enough to fill a balloon that would carry 155 pounds.

If the normal human body were taken just as it is and all of the elements extracted from it there would be found enough iron to make seven large nails, enough fat for fourteen one-pound candles, enough carbon to make the lead in sixty-five gross of pencils and phosphorus enough to tip 820,000 matches. Besides all this would be found twenty teaspoonfuls of salt, fifty lumps of sugar and thirty-eight quarts of water.

Thus it is evident that a human being is a great chemical factory and the value of a man in actual material is considerable.

The hundred dozen eggs would yield precisely the same quantities of these chemical elements, and at the present high price of eggs most people might prefer to have the eggs rather than the man.—New York Sun.

Fame and the Editor.

Fame, so difficult a possession to obtain, lies oftener than one usually thinks in the power of the press.

Oscar Browning in his "Memories of Sixty Years" tells how Fox, then editor of the Monthly Repository, settled the fate of Robert Browning's "Pauline" when it first appeared by the mere word "baldersdash."

The explanation given is that "a single line was required to complete the page, and the editor, taking up the first book on which he could lay his hand and thinking it insignificant and pretentious, described it as I have stated above."

Oscar Browning declares that the poet said "that by this accident his public recognition had been delayed for twenty years."

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Margrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings.

The Knill Ceremony.

Dancing is a part of a semi-religious ceremony held at St. Ives, Cornwall, on the day of the feast of St. James. The people dance the old Cornish "Flurry" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and then sing "Old Hundred." After that they have a banquet, and small sums of money are distributed. The custom dates from a century ago, when a fund was established for the purpose by a man named Knill. It is known as the Knill ceremony.—London Globe.

BASKETBALL TEAM GOES TO JUNEAU

Just as we go to press Elmer Carlstrom, manager of the Wrangell Athletic Club basketball team, announces that he will take the team to Juneau on the Dolphin Saturday. Arrangements have been made for games with three different teams of the Gastineau league.

There will be 10 or 12 persons in the party, and they will be away about a week.

Stanhopes Have Another Girl

Word comes from the states that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stanhope, recently of Wrangell, are the parents of another girl.

Mr. Stanhope writes the Sentinel that he is now employed in Aberdeen, Washington.

New Year's Greetings

Almost every business house in Wrangell sent out new year greetings in the form of calenders for 1917. They are all so beautiful that they would be appreciated for their decorative value, even if no calender pads were attached.

Miss Elfrida Emery, who is a student at the Annie Wright Seminary in Tacoma, is spending the holidays with her grandfather, Archdeacon Emery, in California.

The new house of Earl West on Cassiar avenue has been completed, and he has moved into it. Mr. West bought the David Johnston property last year. The old house was torn down, and a new one erected in its place.

HONOR ROLL

Primary Department

George Anderson,
Kendall Northrope
Robert Wigg
Wilhelmina Cunningham
Catherine Matheson
Margaret McCormack
Nellie Rheinhardt
Frederick Cunningham
Erma Grant
Glen Matheson
Dorothy Johnson

Intermediate Department

THIRD GRADE
George Case
John Grant
Olga Hansen
Margaret Pennycook
Alice Smith
Lloyd Tucker

FOURTH GRADE
Coralie Cunningham
Vernon Myers
Robert Smith
Jenny Ronning
Harry Ronning
Ruth Tucker
Homer Worden

FIFTH GRADE
Elizabeth Churchill
George Churchill
John Coulter
Neil Grant
Donald Sinclair

Grammar Department

Henry Ronning
Liberty Worden
Viola Walsh
Irene Coulter
Marion Myers
Edna Sinclair

The following pupils have been neither absent nor tardy during the school term:

Henry Ronning
Liberty Worden
Viola Walsh
Irene Coulter

Lillian Barron, Viola Walsh and Liberty Worden have upon passing satisfactory examinations been promoted from the seventh to the eighth grade.

Buy Early

are words to conjure with this year with factory prices of staple goods going up again from 10 to 25 per cent, and the supply limited. We have been able to anticipate our wants at the old prices very liberally in Furnishing Goods, Shoes, Ammunition, Galvanized Hardware, Fishing Gear, Sheet Brass, Roofing, Canned Goods, etc.

We have the stock and our prices are right. It will pay you to buy early and look us up before going elsewhere.

Agency Majestic Ranges, Imperial Gas Engines, Gray Motors, Clay Engines, Victor Talking Machines, Eastman Kodaks.

F. MATHESON DEPARTMENT STORE

Farewell Surprise Party

A pleasant farewell surprise party was tendered Mr. and Mrs. George La Bounty on Saturday evening at their home on Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. La Bounty, Mr. Ernest Campbell and Miss Loretta McDonald attended the picture show together. During their absence a number of friends entered their home and took possession of it. When it was about time for the show to close the lights were turned out. When the La Bountys returned they entered their home unaware that it contained any living thing except the kittie. When Mr. La Bounty turned on the lights and beheld a house full of guests he and Mrs. La Bounty gave an exclamation that was half way between a shout and a scream.

Tables had already been arranged for cards, and a game of progressive whist was soon in progress. When scores were counted prizes were awarded as follows. Ladies' first prize, sterling silver sugar tongs, Mrs. T. J. Case. Gentlemen's first prize, three pairs of socks, C. M. Coulter. Ladies' consolation prize, box of pop corn, Miss Irene Coulter. Gentlemen's consolation prize, box of pop corn, Harry Gartley.

Refreshments had been provided in advance by the guests, and at midnight there was a substantial supplement to the feast of reason and flow of the soul.

At a late hour the happy evening was brought to a close with fond good nights.

Mr. La Bounty left Tuesday morning on the City of Seattle for Juneau where he will spend a few days as the guest of his parents. From Juneau he will go to Skagway, his future home. Mrs. La Bounty and son, Cleve, will join him in about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. La Bounty will be greatly missed in Wrangell by a wide circle of friends.

Mr. La Bounty goes to Skagway to enter the employ of Albert Reinert.

A complete line of pipes at Patenaude's.

Sister of Wrangell Woman Doing a Wonderful Work

The Vancouver Daily Province of December 21st contains a large picture of Mrs. Duff-Stuart, a sister of the wife of Capt. R. Smith of Wrangell.

Mrs. Duff-Stuart has been regent of Admiral Jellicoe Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire at Vancouver, and under her able direction the Chapter has been a lesson in industry. Since its organization the Chapter has sent over ten thousand articles to Europe.

Recently Mrs. Duff-Stuart has been active in the work of caring for returned soldiers, and this work claimed her attention to such an extent that she found it necessary to resign as regent of Admiral Jellicoe Chapter. In view of the motive which prompted her resignation it was accepted, but in recognition of her noble work in promoting patriotic endeavor she was made honorary regent of the Chapter she had so faithfully served.

Mrs. Duff-Stuart is the wife of Col. James Duff-Stuart who is in charge of the British forces in British Columbia.

Eating Your Cake and Having It.

The New Year gathers up the fragments of the old year and builds upon them.

If we have lived wisely during the past year, we have made the most out of it that we could. We have eaten the "Whole Cake", and yet those, who have done that wisely, have the most for the New Year. What is the reason? This will be the theme for the first Sunday of the New Year at St. Philip's Church. All are cordially invited. Service at 7:30 p. m.

Erle Byron in Hospital

Erle Byron, who left here last week for San Diego, reached Seattle in such condition that he was unable to continue his journey. He is suffering from locomotor ataxia, and is now being nursed in one of the private sanitariums of Seattle.

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